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JOHN BULL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"I HAVE SENT FOR YOU, GENERAL WEYLER, TO GIVE ME POINTS IN THIS RECONCENTRADO BUSINESS."
"WHY, JOHN, I AM A BEGINNER COMPARED WITH YOU!"

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Dept. O. Home Office: NEWARK, N.J.

LIFE



WARNING TO MARINERS.

CAPTAIN HEARTLESS, OF THE GOOD SHIP "CYNICUS," REPORTS, LATITUDE 999 NORTH, LONGITUDE 4-11-44, THAT HE WAS CHASED BY A SUSPICIOUS CRAFT, WITH NO SIDE LIGHTS, AND THAT HE BARELY ESCAPED CAPTURE.



Papa Pug: WELL, DOCTOR, WHAT IS IT?
The Doctor: OCTUPLETS.

Song of the Senator.

I COME from haunts of silver ore,
I struck it unexpected,
So made myself a senator,
Prepaid and then elected.
I brought my wife and daughter East,
I bought a house and garden,
And gave a diplomatic feast—
They both wore Dolly Varden!
They smirked and glanced, they smiled
and danced,
They'd nod a head and shake it,
But when alone they madly pranced,
And cried: "We'll never make it!"
They left their cards on high and low
Beside Potomac's river,
For men may come and men may go,
But women go forever.

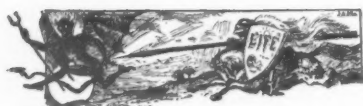
I made a speech that thrilled the world,
On trusts, hight boa-constrictors—
My daughter cried, her lip was curled,
"Oh, Pa, shave off your whiskers!"
And so I shaved them from my chin,
Where they so long had rested;
Society then took us in—
Our carriage now is crested.

William Wallace Whitelock.

Needed.

JAGGLES: Do you think those yellow journals are sincere in their solicitude for the welfare of their readers?

WAGGLES: They seem to be. They offer to give free medical advice on the same page with their daily love story.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. AUGUST 29, 1901. No. 982.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE historical personage who could hold his tongue in seven languages would have been *persona grata* to the Navy Department if he had lived till our day. It would save trouble at the Department if blank forms of rebuke were kept on hand ready to be filled out and mailed to officers who had freed

more of their minds than seemed compatible with discretion. There is nothing very painful about the case of Admiral Evans, whom the Department rebuked a short time ago at the instance of former-Secretary Chandler because of a passage in the Admiral's book which ruffled the former Secretary's spirit. What the Admiral wrote about the former Secretary was good reading. So were the letters of the former Secretary to the Department, especially the second letter, which is an able piece of literature, well contrived, explanatory, informing, with a mystery skilfully introduced to intensify the reader's interest, and a lively sting in its tail. If one should criticise anything in so able a performance it would be the fact that Senator Chandler did not make public his reply to Admiral Evans's allusions until he had succeeded in having the Admiral gagged by the Department. The Senator's letter contained much that was irrelevant to the case in hand, and which was saucy, and adapted to irritate the Admiral. One would like

to read the Admiral's reply and the Senator's rejoinder. But the Admiral, after the Department's rebuke, is not likely to talk back. So the Senator is left in the position of having buffeted a man whose hands he had caused to be tied. Is it not now the Department's duty to rebuke its former Secretary for giving out to the newspapers his letter to the Department?

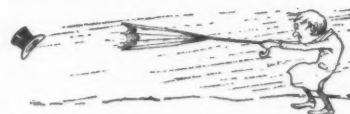


WHO has been fighting the battle of labor, Mr. Shaffer or Mr. Schwab? Mr. Shaffer's contention is that a contract made with a union workman is not good. A large proportion of the steel workers whom he has induced to strike have struck in defiance of contracts into which they had entered. If the conditions of labor as determined by the Steel Trust are at all comparable to the conditions of labor as established by Mr. Shaffer, then, for a truth, the steel worker is between the Devil and the deep sea. To an outsider, the workman's chance of finding an employer who is fit to work for seems considerably better than his chance of finding a leader who is fit to lead. The Steel Trust, for example, has enormously strong motives to use its workmen wisely and liberally and keep them contented. Its prosperity depends on its relations with them. Men who are employed by it would seem to be less liable to suffer from the caprice of individuals than the employees of smaller concerns. The mistreatment of labor is a business mistake, and the Steel Trust cannot afford to make business mistakes, or to permit them to be made by its subordinates.



IT seems to be really true that there is a person named Triggs, who is a professor in the University of Chicago, and lectures on literature, and says some very queer things. That he says all the things the newspapers impute to him is unlikely, but he does seem to have a turn for expressing novel opinions. It isn't important if he does, but it seems worth remarking that any one who has convictions about literary

matters—especially about the literature of past generations—and manages to get them before the public, is apt to find himself a target for all the other critics. Consider Mr. Howells. We all know what an excellent writer and excellent gentleman he is, yet remember how, a few years ago, we all pitched into him because he said things we didn't like about Thackeray and Scott. Professor Wendell, of Harvard, a man of learning and talent, wrote a book about American literature. Folks who didn't like what he said wrote lively things about him, and Mr. Howells himself derided his book very ably in the *North American Review*. Mark Twain once demonstrated that Cooper was an exceedingly feeble and commonplace writer, and did him very scant justice, and we all had the pleasure of pointing out how little Mark knew. Professor Triggs's last offence is making small account of Longfellow. Never mind! Never mind! It is quite possible that Professor Triggs is a goose, but this is a free country, and we are all entitled to hold and utter some unsound opinions. Moreover, the mere fact that Professor Triggs derided Longfellow and other good writers doesn't prove that he is a goose. There may be more to Triggs than we think. At any rate, we had better let him live the year out.



IT looks as though there might be a real yacht race this fall. At this writing the *America's* cup seems to have as good a chance of reaching home as it has ever had since it came over. *Shamrock II*, gets many compliments and much anxious and respectful consideration. Here's hoping that she will hold together till she has demonstrated all her possibilities. She seems to be on a par with her three American rivals in one particular, in that she is good for nothing except to race for the *America's* cup. It is a pity that these contests that are so costly and so interesting develop such a particularly worthless class of boats. But since we have the boats, it is all the more important that they should make a great race.



Not Yet a Coquette.

BERTHA never seems to know
Just the time I ought to go.

Bertha loves me—that I'm sure.
Bertha's coy—and immature.

Some day she will learn, no doubt,
It's the time to put me out
(May that be a distant day!)
When I'm longing most to stay!

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,305.61
In Memory of G. V. T.....	2.00
C. G. S.....	3.00
A. M.....	25.00
In Memory of Lowry.....	6.00
J. S. R.....	5.00
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Fort Myer Chapter, No. 152, St. Nicholas League, Louie Morgan, Miriam Pierce, Margaret & Dorothy Brooks, Marg Carson, Marie Newton and Leila McDonald.....	3.00

\$7,564.71

Life's Short Story Contest.

THE announcement of the winners of prizes in the Short Story Contest that closed on August 1st will appear in next week's LIFE.

"THEY say Miss Pinkton is crazy to go on the stage."

"Has she any talent in that direction?"

"Don't know. Never saw her in a bathing suit."

LIFE'S Farm is in receipt of eleven barrels of crackers from the five Lenhardt children of Brownsville, Pa., which are already gladdening the stomachs of the Farm guests.

THE children at LIFE'S Farm recently made way with fifty quarts of ice cream and twenty-six pounds of cake, all at one sitting; an attention from Mr. Wm. S. Hawk in celebration of his daughter's birthday.

A Discriminating Thief.

"WHAT do you think?"
Said Miss Pearlie Pink.
"As I in the hammock dozed,
Jack stole a kiss—
See, just like this—
From my cheek, as I reposed."

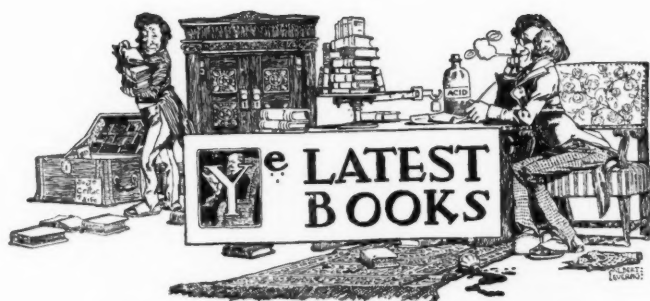
"How horrid!" cried
Her friend, Miss Dide.
"I'd like to see him play
Such tricks on me!"
Quite truthfully
She spoke, and so next day,

With eyelids closed
And lips composed,
She, too, in the hammock lay,
As in a trance.
Jack stole one glance
And then he stole—away.

Dick Law.



AT LIFE'S FARM.—MILK FOR EVERYBODY.



GOOD collections of short stories have been scarce this summer, which makes *Crucial Instances*, by Edith Wharton, the more welcome. The author's manner of thought and aptness of expression are unusual and in strong contrast with the average writing of the day. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The stories by Selma Lagerlof, contained in *From a Swedish Homestead*, are gathered from Swedish legend and folk-lore. They possess the charm of a certain quaint naïveté but are not apt to find many admirers. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

The Spanish People, by Martin A. S. Hume, is a historical work designed to trace the complex origin of the Spanish nation and its growth and influence upon art, literature and civilization. It smatters strongly of the text-book. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The autobiographical form of novel is undoubtedly a difficult one to manage successfully. *Heart and Soul*, by Henrietta Dana Skinner, is cast in this mould and suffers in consequence. The hero may in reality have been a very good fellow but he makes himself seem a prig. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The corruption in the French army and the Dreyfus affair have been used as a foundation for a sensational romance by John Oxenham. The story is called *Our Lady of Deliverance*, and is cumulatively improbable. (Henry Holt and Company.)

The title of *The Woman Who Trusted* suggests a study in realism. However, she only trusted him with a kiss and a belief in his literary career. The book, by Will N. Harben, is trashy in the extreme. (Henry Altemus and Company, Philadelphia.)

S. R. Crockett's *Silver Skull* is a story of the secret orders and banditti of Southern Italy. It is a very readable romance. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Earthwork Out of Tuscany." By Maurice Hewlett. Third edition. (The Macmillan Company.)

"Health and a Day." By Lewis G. James. (James H. West Company, Boston. \$1.00.)

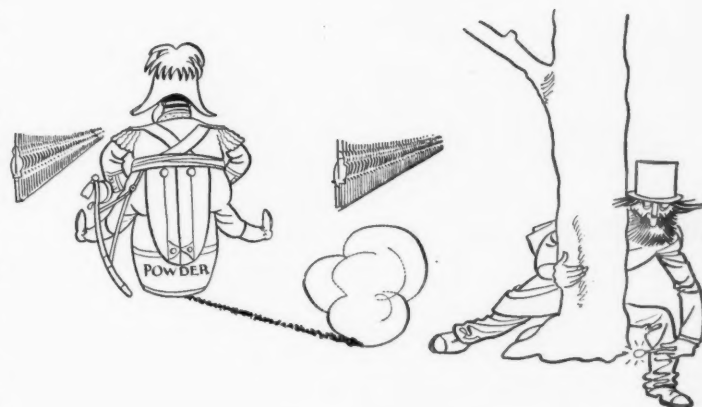
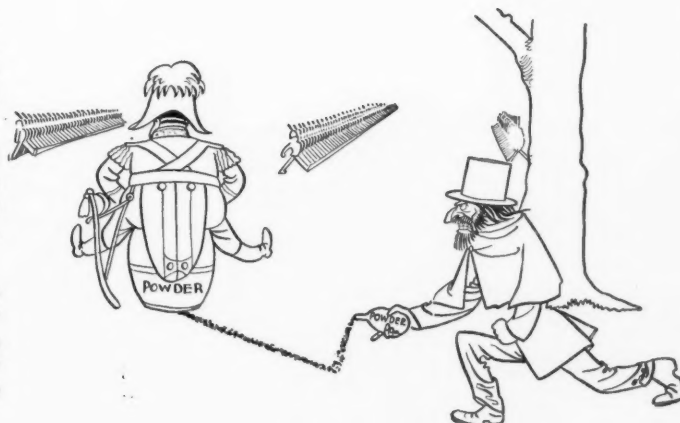
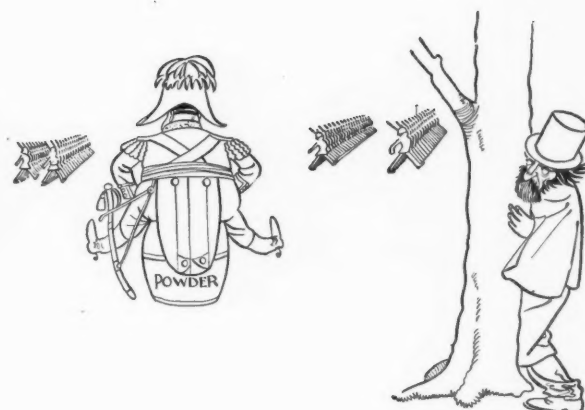
"The Mystery of the Clapsed Hands." By Guy Boothby. (D. Appleton and Company. 50c.)

"A Royal Exchange." By J. MacLaren Cobban. (D. Appleton and Company. 50c.)

"The Claim Jumpers." By Stewart Edward White. (D. Appleton and Company. 50c.)

"Love-In-a-Mist." By Post Wheeler. (The Camelot Company.)

"Out of the Pigeon-Holes." By E. S. Goodhue, M. D. (The Geo. F. Butler Publishing Company, Alma, Mich.)

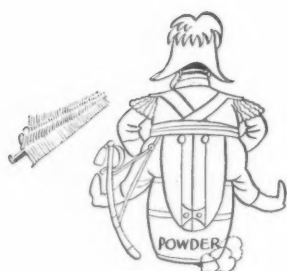


"WHAT hotel did you stay at, at the Pan-American?"

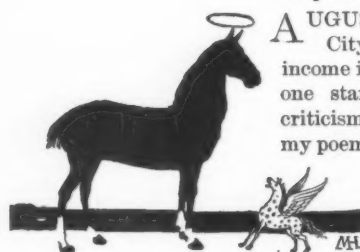
"At Bumster's."

"How did you like it?"

"Well, I wouldn't send my friends there, because it isn't good enough; nor my enemies, because it isn't bad enough."



A Heart-to-Heart Talk with an Aspiring Poet.



AUGUSTUS BIRD, JR., of Oklahoma City, asks me if poets make a good income in New York, incloses twenty-one stanzas on "Twilight" for my criticism, and adds that he has enjoyed my poems more than anything that has come into his life.

I'm afraid you've had mighty little fun, Augustus; nevertheless, I feel complimented, and I will forego a day's outing to have a heart-to-heart talk with you.

I note your omission of a stamp (doubtless by poetic license), so I'll reply through the press. It will be an advertisement for you, and maybe I can kill two birds with one stone.

I long to say that poets fare sumptuously in New York. But would I be truthful? Sometimes I hear of a man who makes a living by writing poetry. But I have never met him, nor have I ever met any one who has met him. He must be a very modest man.

O, Augustus! If you knew how it feels when a man

whose soul is bubbling over champagne poetry dines on a ten-cent plate of beans, you would not thuswise harrow up my soul! Sometimes one despairs of the future of the fine arts in America. Our great Immortals—Shakespeare, Milton, Anon. and Et Cetera—whose spirits are unhampered by the flesh—are now above—and *below*—eating and drinking, but our greatest living poets are compelled to look away from poetry for provender.

Before starting in New York as a poet, it will be prudent to get a position as son-in-law in a plutocrat's family. Then you can establish a magazine and print only your own poems. But now to our "Twilight!"

I see you in your work, Augustus, and I like you. When you chortle rhapsodically:

"I love the land! I love the sea!
The fountain and the stream.
I love to love such things as these,
Of such I love to dream!"

I can say, "Amen!"

I know you are not a train-robber, nor a candidate for the Ice Trust. If you lived in Jersey, I would try to "neighbor with you," and borrow your lawnmower or a fugitive "V." There is heart in your work! I cannot quarrel with your ideas; they are all so mighty true!

Your stanza on the sunset:

"Beyond the crescent ridge he glides,
Beyond the Alps once more,
Beyond the Rocky Mountains' height,
Beyond the distant shore,"

is as simple as Wordsworth's simplest simplicity. Wordsworth was a good man! Your imagination is original and penetrative.

I like this stanza:

"The warden-master of the pond
Repeats his brazen note,
Till horrors of a misspent life
Thro' airy regions float."

Do you know, I always suspected that bull-frog? I congratulate you, sir, on being the first artist who has dared to dive beneath the surface and bring his iniquity out into the "airy regions" of song!

This stanza is full of noble, ethical feeling:

"In majors and in minors thus,
Life's symphonies are sung.
For the good of human heart,
For the good of human tongue."

I have space for only four of your stanzas, but the remaining seventeen are in an equally happy vein.

I must felicitate you further, Augustus, on having so early attained to "the art that conceals art"—and sense! Your poem means absolutely nothing. This is a great advantage, for if your poem had one central theme, you could sell it only once. It would bring, say, two dollars (\$2.00) from *The Ladies' Repository*, and then you might have to take payment in subscriptions. Whereas you now



"WHAT A FINE, STRONG CHARACTER MONKTON HAS!"
"HASN'T HE? MAKES ENEMIES WHEREVER HE GOES."

have twenty-one quatrains, known to the craft as "fillers." *The Embalmer's Monthly* will pay five dollars (\$5.00) each for them, giving you a net profit of one hundred and five dollars (\$105.00.)

As no one will ever read them, your reputation will not suffer, and the *Oklahoma War-Whoop* can say, "Our talented young townsman, Augustus Bird, Jr., is a frequent contributor to standard publications." Should this hope fail you, why not become an "Ad-Smith"?

"In majors and in minors thus,
Life's symphonies are sung.
Dr. Ketchum's Quieting Syrup—
Good for the old and young,"

would be an attractive blending of sense and sentiment.
I think this is rather clever, also:

"The warden-master of the pond
Repeats his brazen note.
Have you tried Scrubber & Klensum's Soap?
Remember it will float!"

If you work out this idea your lines may appear in every paper, in every street-car, on every board-fence. Isn't that fame? Or better—doesn't it mean dollars?

You had better stay in Oklahoma, Augustus. New York will turn you upside down before you turn it right side up. It has nothing so good as your "austral moon" and "cedrine groves."

Pegasus Smith.

The Main Point.

HE: I am afraid my religious views are not the same as yours, dear.

SHE: That need not necessarily make any difference. We both belong to the same golf club.

Love's Way.

WHEN will love go?
When thou shalt weave a bower of
young rose shoots,
His table spread of cherished wines and
foods,
Con songs to sing to him, purse thy lips to
flutes,
And run with eager tendance on his
moods,
Crying, "Abide with me, rest ever so!"
Then will love go.
When will love stay?
When thou shalt say, "Go, death comes in
thy track;
God, reason, right, decree that we must
part.
Go, flee the world's damnation, look not
back;
There is no room for thee within my
heart."
When this to him thy anguished soul shall
say,
Then will love stay.



WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

"READ THE DIREKSHUNS QUICK, MANDY!"

"IT SEZ, 'FOR ADULTS—ONE TEASPOON!'"

"THUNDER! THAT AIN'T WHAT AILS ME—WHAT ELSE DOES IT SAY?"



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The Expert: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SHE HAS ON



SHE HAS ONE? I CAN HEAR NOTHING.

• LIFE •



"How shall I best improve my lives?"

A Victim to Philanthropy.

A MEDITATIVE kitten looked exceedingly distraught, Across her furry, furrowed brow were lines of deepest thought.

"How shall I best improve my lives?" I heard her, musing, say;
"I've only nine to live,—I must not fritter them away."

"It is appalling when I think how Tabby Tortoiseshell



"Play with baby's ball."

Has spent eight lives already, and not one of them spent well!

But I shall plan mine carefully, and make them all sublime,
And so leave noble paw prints on the shining sands of Time.

"I'm such a little kitten, the first life of them all
I'll only chase my tail around and play with baby's ball.
The second, I'll be older,—and I think it would be nice
Entirely to devote my second life to catching mice."

"And then the next one,—let me see,—yes, I am sure the third
Could be employed with profit learning how to catch a bird.
The fourth, I'll roll in catnip, oh! won't that be immense!
The fifth, I think I'll yowl away on the back garden fence."



"To catching mice."

"But no,—these are my pleasures, and it isn't right a bit,—
I know I ought to live my lives for others' benefit.
I'm sure I ought to try the philanthropic dodge, and that
Is awful hard for such a small and ignorant little cat."



"Learning how to catch a bird."

"These questions overwhelm me!" She drew a shuddering sigh.
"I'm tired of living my nine lives, I think I want to die!"
And with a sad, despairing moan, the kitten, then and there,
Gave up nine ghosts. And once again a cat was killed by care."

Carolyn Wells.



"I think I'll yowl away."





GONE OFF WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

Postponed.

IT was one o'clock in the morning.

In the deepest shadow of the piazza of the little suburban villa in which our story opens, sat two burglars, earnestly discussing the affair that had brought them hither. A light in one of the upper windows, which had only just been extinguished, had made them postpone for a while their attempt, and this delay had given the first burglar an opportunity to ask his partner the circumstances which had led to this particular graft.

"The lady who occupies this house," whispered the second burglar, "has ten thousand dollars in cash. She drew it out of the bank yesterday, and to-morrow she will turn it over to the old and trusted friend of her late husband."

"Who is he?" asked the first burglar.

"He's an old cove they've known all their lives. He's going to advise her how to invest her money. In the meantime, she's got it all upstairs with her in a black bag."

The first burglar was silent for a while.

"Jim," he said at last, "I haven't the heart to do it. She's a widow. Let's wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed the second burglar. "For what?"

"Why," said his companion, "wait until the old cove has it. Then rob him."

A Doomed Woman Either Way.

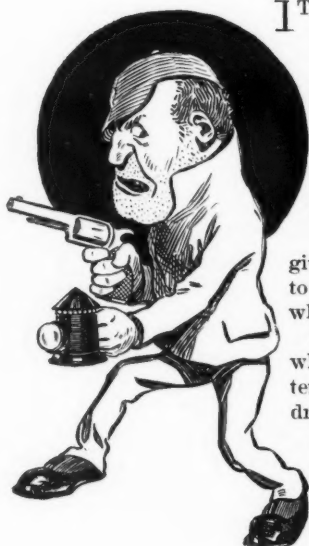
DOCTOR: Mr. Tiffington, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having the grip.

MR. TIFFINGTON: Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it.

Getting Aid from the Government.

SLIMSON: Willie, you promised me faithfully you wouldn't do that.

WILLIE: But, papa, I heard you read something from the *Tribune* about Cuba the other day that said a bad promise was better broken than kept.



In Lovers' Lane.

IN Lovers' Lane I met two boys—
One blind and armed with bow and
darts;
The other calling, with much noise:
"Bring out to me your broken hearts!
My name is Doctor Change," said he,
"And let Love injure all he may,
I heal them with my remedy,
The 'Balm of Time,' fresh every day."

Virginia B. Harrison.

A FRIEND of LIFE sends us the following, as evidence, doubtless, that nothing is too sacred to be jeered at.

"The Latest Books."

(With apologies to J. B. Kerfoot, and acknowledgments to their authors.)

"The Nose-Bleed and Other Poems," by Beulah Blackmaria Nix, give us a vivid and livid pen-picture of life in East Saugus, Massachusetts, toward the end of the twenty-seventeenth century. The thrilling adventure of a madcap Christian Scientist sent out to reform his common sense relatives in Chelsea, forms the basis of this tale of woe. Beautifully illustrated by Boozey. (The Makemillions Company. \$13.50.)

"The Life of the Flea," by Maurice Wasterofink, is a sprightly blending of pathos and bathos, calculated to appeal most strongly to the summer boarder, during dog-days. Edition de Luxe. (Dead, Dogg and Company. \$25.00.)

"On Kollarshandkuff's Island," by Arethere U. Swipes and Marie A. Swipes, is a story of Saint Petersburg in the '80's below zero, just suited to the silly-season sojourner at the mountains or seashore. It contains Nihilism, nitro-glycerine and non-pronounceable names enough to put you to sleep in your hammock without the aid of *The Old Ladies' Home Journal*. (Charles Scribbler's Sons. \$8.62½.)

"Soupçons and Other Sonnets," by Helen Type-Ruyter, must be read over and over again to be thoroughly appreciated. Her sonnets entitled, "To a Turkish-Bath Towel" and "The Only Onion in the Soup," both strike us as especially strong bits of lyrical writing, second only to her epic poem, "The Pig-Pen." (Herbert Cobblestone and Company. \$9.98.)

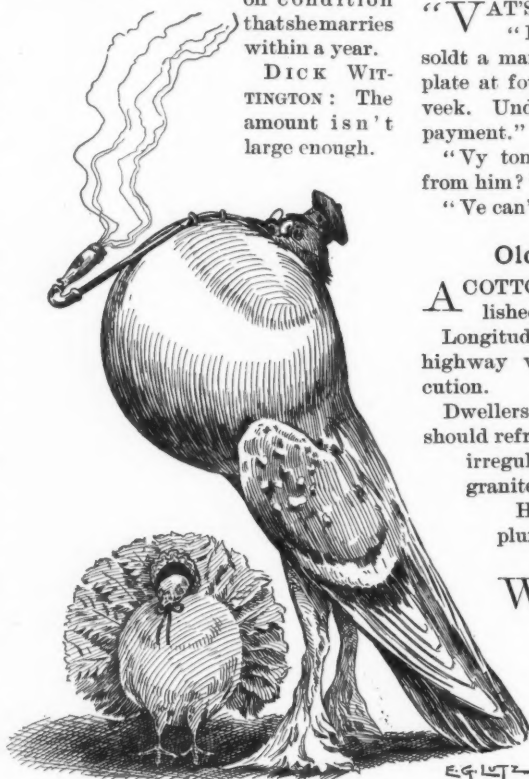
"Meet Me in the Subway," by Ralph Waldo Emerson-Smythe is, as its title implies, likely to hold you for a while. It is a story of Greater Beanstown before the days of the Hellevated railroad and 11 o'clock blue-law against indiscriminate soda-drink-

ing. With an introduction by Edward W. Book. (Mellin's Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 69c.)

"T'Hell With Tammany Hall," by J. L. Sullivan-McGuirk, again shows us his plug-ugly power of portraying the life and spirits of a bygone golden age, "when knights were bold and bosses held their sway." His new scrap-book is a romance of the court of "Crocker the First," and while it differs little from the plot of the average chronic-opera of the period, it certainly excels in the carelessness of its characterization. See? (Hawker and Brothers. \$19.98.)

"What I Don't Know About Yachts," by Thomas W. Lawson-Pink. Edition de Luxe limited to one copy. Full calf. Copper covers. With 13 half-toned illustrations of the fast "Nodependence" (fast to her moorings) and the steam yacht "Schemer," and full-page frontispiece portrait of the author taken "before and after" the trial races. (Life Publishing Company. 12½c.)

DAISY PUTTER: Her aunt has left eighty thousand dollars to Sadie, on condition that she marries within a year.
DICK WITTINGTON: The amount isn't large enough.



Herr Pouter: ACH, VARE YOU VAS, KATARINA?

What Next?

THAT British proclamation to the leaders of the fighting Boers is a new departure in modern warfare. Imagine the Prussians saying to the French—or even the impossible Turk to the Greek: "Unless you stop fighting by September 15th you shall be forever banished from your own country."

For heavy-handed, frank brutality we recall no parallel in civilized war. But John Bull has no intention of being hampered by international customs.

More contemptible still—if possible—is the announcement that the charge for maintenance of the Boer women and children now being maltreated into submission is to be taken from the estates of these banished leaders.

O, John, John! 'Tis things like this that cause your vilest Yankee cousin to blush for the relationship.

A Distressing Case.

"VAT'S de madder, Izzy?"

"I am in great troubles. Ve soldt a man a set of teeth mit a gold plate at four tollars down und two a week. Und he hasn't made de second payment."

"Vy ton't you take de teeth away from him?"

"Ve can't. He's got lockjaw."

Old Saws Refiled.

A COTTON link, properly established, is ninefold economical.

Longitudinal indeed must be that highway which hath no circumlocution.

Dwellers in crystalline domiciles should refrain from the propulsion of irregularly shaped particles of granite formation.

Habitants of æther, similarly plumed, gregariously assemble.

WIFE: I had to get a policeman to put out the cook.

HUSBAND: Gone, is she?

"Oh, no. He proved to be her best fellow, and they're both waiting for you in the back hall."



THE UNEXPECTED.

The Wife: MY DRESSMAKER'S BILL IS TWICE AS MUCH AS I EXPECTED.

The Husband (triumphantly): AH! BUT I EXPECTED IT WOULD BE TWICE AS MUCH AS WE EXPECTED IT WOULD BE.

"BUT IT IS TWICE AS MUCH AS THAT!"



WHEN BERNHARDT PLAYS ROMEO.

When Sarah plays bold Romeo to Maudie's Juliet, We'll see the other mummies hump to keep the pace they set; As old Jack Faistaff Edna May will trip across the scene, And staid Dick Mansfield must tog out as dear, *petite* Arline; Nat Goodwin as La Tosca would go thirsting for revenge; As Tess could Irving, hunted, flee for shelter to Stonehenge. The fad will beat the book-play craze, 'twill be the greatest yet,

When Sarah's playing Romeo to Maudie's Juliet. Blanche Bates would make a brave Prince Hal; as Topsy could John Drew Achieve a hit; and how Jean d'Arc would do for Kyrle Bellew!

As Portia Joseph Jefferson could hardly fail to score, Gillette as Cleopatra would be well worth paying for, And Mrs. Fiske as big Bill Sykes would crowded houses draw, While Frederick Warde would make the best Neil Gwynn we ever saw.

Then all must get in line or find they're left out in the wet, When Sarah's playing Romeo to Maudie's Juliet.

When Francis Wilson makes his bow as Little Eva, we Will see Modjeska's Uncle Tom, a thing worth while to see; And Ada Rehan, when again she chooses to appear, Will wear a white and flowing beard and rave and storm as Lear.

May Irving would be great as Wang, and H. Clay Barnabee As Desdemona couldn't fail to be 'way up in G. There'll be things doing on the stage next season, you can bet,

When Sarah's playing Romeo to Maudie's Juliet.

—Portland Oregonian.

THE methods of public school instruction, as applied in New York City, do not always meet the approbation of the parents of the pupils, as was evidenced the other day when a German woman of commanding figure strode into the school and, approaching the principal, demanded:

"What it is, a lobster?"

The principal politely explained that a lobster was a species of shell-fish.

"Vell, how many legs has it—dis lobster?"

The number of legs was stated.

"Vell, I work me for a hurry, and if your teacher cannot find better dings than to ask my boy Jakey how many legs has it, a lobster, und make him come home to bodder his fadder mit questions, 'What it is, a lobster?' it is pad peesness."—*Youth's Companion*.

DURING one of Adelina Patti's last tours in the United States, the following preliminary notice was published by a certain Western editor: "Madame Patti Nicolini, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good-by twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who only uses one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."—*Argonaut*.

THE value of a recipe lies partly in its being accurately set down and followed. *Harper's Magazine* has the following directions for making a breakfast delicacy called popovers, as they were imparted by the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in the family:

"You takee him one egg," said the master of the kitchen,

"one lit' cup milk. You fixee him one cup flou' on sieve take pinch salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You makee him flou' go in, not move fast, so have no spots. Makee but'led pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Puttee him in oven. Now you mind you business. No like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

—Exchange.

MR. M. of—was out in the Forty-five. He was taken, and was being brought to the Tower with Kilmarnock and Balmerino. A block stopped the sad cortège, and a lady, looking from a window, cried:

"You tall rebel!" (Mr. M. was six feet four) "you will soon be shorter by a head!"

"Does that give you pleasure, madame?" said Mr. M.

"Yes, it does."

"Then, madame," said Mr. M., taking off his hat and making a low bow, "I do not die in vain."

—Andrew Lang, in *Longman's*.

A TICKET-COLLECTOR on a railway got leave to go and get married, and was given a pass over the line. On the way back, he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. The latter studied it carefully, and then said:

"Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, wearisome journey, but not on the Caledonian Railway."—*Exchange*.

"He's quite a prominent politician here, is he not?" inquired the visiting Briton.

"Oh, no; he's a statesman," replied the native.

"Well, what's the difference?"

"A statesman, my dear sir, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician is one who has money because he is in politics."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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THERE ARE OTHERS.

Mary had a little lamb,
Likewise a lobster stew,
And ere the sunlit morning dawned
She had the nightmare, too.

—Cleveland Spectator.

CUPS AND HIGH BALLS.

Sir Thomas Lipton is a man of affairs used to dealing with men, and managing large enterprises in a large way. His sportsmanlike attitude in connection with the America's Cup Races two years ago won for him the respect and admiration of the American people. Ever since they have been drinking his health either in Ceylon Tea or Irish Whiskey. Speaking of the latter causes us to emphasize the fact that a "high ball," properly made with Lipton's Irish Whiskey and carbonated water, is a delicious beverage and is likely to become fashionable in this country. It is also an economical liquor to have in the house, as the proper amount required for each "high ball" is much less than that of any other. Anything bearing the name of Sir Thomas has hitherto been found honest in quality, and the Lipton Whiskey is no exception to the rule.

ONCE a wine agent intruded upon a party of which Maurice Barrymore was one. The agent told Barrymore he was a man of good taste and all that, and wound up by saying: "When you want a bottle of wine in future, will you not gratify me by asking for my wine?"

"Why, of course," answered Barrymore, most graciously; "I shall be delighted to ask for your wine. But heavens! suppose they should have it!"—Argonaut.

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters are the best. Refuse imitations. At grocers and druggists.

"It is sad to see this mercenary spirit so flagrantly manifested in politics," said the earnest citizen.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have fought against it all I could, but it's no use. I can't get people to vote my way without payin' 'em."—Washington Star.

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"Oh, yes, I will, papa," responded the fair-haired youth; "I intend to make a few millions and then endow colleges, and thus acquire more degrees than I could win in a lifetime of study." With eyes moist with pride the father bade the child go bravely forward upon the path of destiny.

—Baltimore American.

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—Tit-Bits.

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